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Carlyle F. McIntyre

THE UNTAMED

Out of my dream I wrought you; and your mouth
  Was scarlet, the young body straight and fine,
Your soft eyes like full midnight of the south,
  And every curve and flexure wholly mine.

But at my kiss you stirred; the deeps awoke
  And pushed me strongly backward. Oh, the new,
The virginal, untamed one, whom no yoke
  Could bind, nor make you to yourself untrue!

THE GREEN DOOR

Here in the May we danced on violets
  And blew off golden bubbles. Ah, my love,
How shall I name the sorrows and regrets
  I pluck, and the black drink I press thereof?

Now you dream deeply, wise in death's great lore;
  I lean above you where the crickets sing,
And fumble the dumb latch of the green door—
  You of the Maytime, lovely, wantoning.

THE MOURNERS

Thus I first saw her: brooding secretly,
  Framed like a maid within a trysting gate